

02

赤道三五，
東南亞文學論壇
讀本翻譯計畫

卡羅瑪·雅康吉·戴歐納

作者 | 卡羅瑪·雅康吉·戴歐納

Carlomar Arcangel Daoana

譯者 | 劉維人

目錄 CONTENTS

04	作家介紹_卡羅瑪·雅康吉·戴歐納 Carlomar Arcangel Daoana
06	作品年表 Published Works Chronology
	卡羅瑪·雅康吉·戴歐納詩選 Selected Poems by Carlomar Arcangel Daoana
08	第三世界的黎明曲 Aubade from the Third World
12	二十一則斷片的家屋史 History of a House in 21 Fragments
20	延遲 The Delay
24	街道哀傷的六合詩 Sestina for Street-side Sorrow
28	逆流而上 Upriver
32	高山省 Mountain Province
36	廚房裡的異教徒 The Infidel in the Kitchen
40	頌歌 Song
44	幸福 Happiness
48	詩作後記 Information on the Selected Poems
56	譯後記 Translator Note
62	譯者 Translators
63	赤道二三五·東南亞文學論壇讀本翻譯計畫 About Project

卡羅瑪·雅康吉·戴歐納

1979 年出生於菲律賓馬尼拉。大學於聖多瑪斯大學（Royal and Pontifical University of Santo Tomas）主修文學，曾出版四本詩集，其中最新作品為 2014 年由聖多瑪斯大學出版的《Loose Tongue: Poems 2001-2013》。其著作《The Fashionista's Book of Enlightenment》和《Marginal Bliss》皆入圍馬尼拉書評協會最佳國家圖書獎（Manila Critics' Circle's National Book Awards）決選名單。另外兩部作品《The Elegant Ghost》和《Crown Sonnet for Maria》分別獲得菲律賓最重要的文學獎項卡

洛斯·帕蘭卡文學獎（Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature）第一名與第二名。詩作曾被收錄於《Vagabond Asia Pacific Poetry Series》和《Naratif Kisah》等國際出版物當中。

2016 年，戴歐納入選為第一屆吉隆坡文學季國際與談人。現擔任《菲律賓星報》（The Philippine Star）藝術與文化版面的專欄作家，同時也任教於馬尼拉亞典耀大學（Ateneo de Manila University）藝術學系，教授詩歌、藝術評論及其他課程。

Carlomar Arcangel Daoana



Carlomar Arcangel Daoana was born in the City of Manila in 1979. He studied at the Royal and Pontifical University of Santo Tomas where he majored in Literature. He is the author of four collections of poetry, with *Loose Tongue: Poems 2001-2013* as the most recent, published by the UST Publishing House in 2014. His other collections, *The Fashionista's Book of Enlightenment* and *Marginal Bliss*, were finalists to the Manila Critics' Circle's National Book Awards. In addition, Daoana received First Place and Second Place honors in the Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature, the Philippines most prestigious literary competition,

in the English Poetry category with his collections, *The Elegant Ghost* (2012) and *Crown Sonnet for Maria* (2013), respectively. His poems have been anthologized in the *Vagabond Asia Pacific Poetry Series* (Sydney and Tokyo) and *Naratif Kisah* (Kuala Lumpur).

Daoana was also selected as one of the international panelists for the 1st Kuala Lumpur Literary Festival held in 2016. A regular columnist in the Arts and Culture section of the daily broadsheet *The Philippine Star*, Daoana teaches poetry writing, art writing, and other fine arts courses at the Fine Arts Department of the Ateneo de Manila University.

作品年表 PUBLISHED WORKS CHRONOLOGY

- 2002 *Marginal Bliss* | 個人詩集
"Knowing the Sea". *Cogito Ergo Sum and Other Musings on Science* | 詩選
- 2003 "Bad Boy Santi Bose." *Espiritu Santi: The Strange Life and even Strange Legacy of Santi Bose.* | 專書
- 2004 "The Near Death of a Tree." *Philippine Humanities Review: Journal of the UP College of Arts and Letters* 7.1 | 期刊
- 2007 Suite of poems. *At Home in Unhomeliness: An Anthology of Philippine Postcolonial Poetry in English* | 詩選
- 2009 *Fashionista's Book of Enlightenment* | 個人詩集
Suite of poems. *Likhaan 3: The Journal of Contemporary Philippine Literature* | 短篇小說集
- 2011 *Clairvoyance* | 個人詩集
- 2012 Suite of poems, *Tomas: The Journal of the UST Center for Creative Writing and Literary Studies*. 2.2o | 期刊
- 2014 *Loose Tongue* | 個人詩集
Suite of poems. *Likhaan 8: The Journal of Contemporary Philippine Literature* | 期刊
- 2015 Suite of poems. *Vagabond Press. Asia Pacific Poetry Series* | 詩選
- 2016 Suite of poems. *Nartif Kisah* | 詩選
deciBel: Vagabond Poetry Series (Vol. II). | 編輯
- 2017 "Amorsolo's Enduring Figuration, Poetics of Happiness." *Amorsolo: Love & Passion.* | 專書

卡羅瑪·雅康吉·戴歐納 詩選 Selected Poems by Carlomar Arcangel Daoana

劉維人 / 譯
Translated by LIU Weijen

第三世界的黎明曲

這是我鄰人的天空，染著赤道一般的灰藍色¹。
這是摩天大樓的風景——商人們的教堂——幢幢疊至天際。

這是與人行道無緣的平行道路，一個急彎之後
路燈與其他風景全都消失。街上的窗戶

責怪身上的鐵窗，既栓縛他們，又給他們逃脫的希望。
當地的英雄退休之後將生命投注於清掃，讓街道免於

穢物與枯葉的侵擾，但他們的善意從來無人收到。
這裡的光線——平板無波——縫起

我心中的一切不致脫落，彷彿
那位聖徒把整座城鎮抱在臂彎中搖盪。當人問起我

家住何處，這兒總成為我汙穢的秘密，
我醜陋難辨的胎記。在我視野的邊緣之外——

縫著一排排的捷運站、廣告看板、以及
飄著布袋蓮和垃圾的巴石河——彷彿異國，彷彿他鄉。

那兒的風景在地球的褶曲上閃閃發光。像輕觸水晶那樣
發出聲響。但我有什麼資格遺棄這些聲響、這些

舊貨店的雜物、堆積成山的廢鐵、環境改變的鋒利回報？
有什麼資格否認教堂的權利，在屋頂上畫下

標誌一般讓上帝辨認的聖羅克像？³
那一扇扇的彩色玻璃窗難道並不漂亮？教堂屋頂的天窗難道還不夠多？

我有什麼資格不被自助洗衣店的
化學氣味灌醉？這裡的清晨給予我的

正是那橫行世界的閃亮資本，漂洗得
宛如清爽的早晨。無論身處何處，我們都只能在呼出的碳粒中

書寫我們的名字。地心引力撫弄了我們的脊椎。
我們注定只能生在這裡，但我們的生命

卻注定滿載一切賴以維生的愛意。我在商店的招牌間
來回修改自己的命運：墨丘利藥妝店、賽包娜融資、JRS 快遞。⁴

每天打開門，我都被扔進一條鴻溝中，看著公寓對面的女人把睫毛膏
塗上眼睫。每天我都得承接身邊微小的戰火

承接孤獨、承接椎心刺骨的幸福。既然如此，為什麼我不乾脆
加入親愛鄰人的行列，成為這殘墟廢體的一員？

畢竟我的生命，就是看著這堆破銅爛鐵，衡量它們的重量
明白自己將像——基督那樣——在層層斷片的包覆中升入天堂。

1 詩原文中的 blue rinse 是一種藍色染料，讓灰髮或白髮看起來更亮，不那麼昏黃。

2 巴石河穿過菲律賓人口最多的地區，過去是馬尼拉的生命與經濟命脈。二十世紀的人口與經濟成長使河中充斥垃圾，以及民生與工業廢水，使該河一度變成死水。九零年代末開始復育工程。

3 詩原文 SAN ROQUE 是十四世紀法國天主教聖徒 Saint Roch 的西班牙名。

4 這三者依序是菲律賓知名的連鎖藥妝店、微型融資公司、快遞公司。

Aubade from the Third World

Here is my neighborhood's portion of sky, its equatorial blue rinse.
Here is a view of skyscrapers—cathedrals of commerce laddering up.

Here is a line of road parallel to the pavement, acute angle
To the streetlights and everything else. Here is the reproach of windows

Outfitted with grilles, at once traps and provisions of escape.
Here is the local hero spending his retirement by sweeping our street off

Of excrement and dead leaves as an act of generosity to no one.
Here is the light—the flat, unsnappable light—which stitches

All of them so I can clutch this place in my mind, not unlike
The saint cradling a town in the crook of her arm. When asked

Where I was from, I can recall home like a dirty secret, a dis-
Figuring birthmark. Beyond the circumference of my vision—

Hemmed in by the MRT, billboards, Pasig River matted with
Water hyacinth and trash—other cities, other kingdoms.

They glitter upon the folds of the earth. They ring like crystal
When touched. But who am I to forsake the clatter, the clutter

Of the nearby junk shop, its hunks of metal, its sharp report
Of alterations? Who am I to deny the parish church its right to have

SAN ROQUE painted on its roof so God can identify it from His perch?
Aren't its panels of stained glass lovely? Doesn't its clerestory suffice?

Who am I not to be drunk from the fragrant chemical scent
Of the laundromat? The morning offered to me here is the same

As that of the shining capitals of the world, played upon by washes
And tints of fresh beginnings. Regardless of where we are, we scrawl

Our names in an exhalation of carbon. Gravity fingers our spines.
Location is destiny but we are determined to fullness by the affections

We abide by. Under these signs I operate my fate: Mercury Drug,
Cebuana Lhuillier, JRS Express. Each day, I am delivered to a gap

In my apartment opening to a sight of a woman worrying mascara
To her lashes. Each day, I am made heir to small skirmishes,

To loneliness, to stabs of happiness. So why should I not join them,
My intimates, as the neighborhood puts a context to the wreckage

That is my life, the refuse and scraps I have to inspect, weigh
And make sense of the moment I ascend—Christ-like—from the sheets?

二十一則斷片的家屋史

I.

這棟 *bahay na bato*¹ (踏著木腿，披著石衣) ——
兩層樓撐在樑柱上——斜斜地
面向東方，讓朝日的的光芒

II.

在褐牆內的木隔板之間來回搖晃。
百葉簾將窗面刻成溝槽，使得整棟房舍
更能一眼看穿，讓人聯想到

III.

多孔的樹幹。在那裏你可以看見移動的軀體
被簾板乾淨地一條條切開，彷彿以自己的意志
做出許多決定。如果你仔細研究

IV.

也許會發現一些平凡的東西，跨越了邊界。
過去一個終日無所事事的男孩，
傾身探進屋中，瞥見肉身順服於

V.

清澄大水的沖襲。在窗檣上
有幾盆 *sampaguita*² 和奧勒岡，將葉子扔在
捧著鐵鏟與乾硬貓屎的

VI.

一樓屋頂上。那位男孩拿起了掃把
掃去一切穢物，告訴世界

1 菲律賓語：石造的房子。

2 菲律賓語：茉莉。

他已準備好被侮辱。除了這些小把戲

VII.

他還能有什麼伎倆可耍？天空永無止盡地
將焦慮傾倒而下，穿越破紋、孔洞、裂縫，填滿一切
只餘留地板下的空間。當你伸出手爪

VIII.

掀開木條，你便看見裡面的塵球、
白蠟子、金屬箔絲。男孩獨自一人
繼續挖掘，挖出失去同伴的耳環、

IX.

上個世紀的郵票、*Bagong Lipunan*³ 的硬幣。⁴ 這棟屋子裡
沒有東西會被丟掉，於是每一件事物
都難以尋找：找不著一雙成對的襪子、找不著

X.

那條乳牛印花浴巾、找不著叔叔的珍貴戒指。戒指是不見了
還是典當了？耶穌的目光會陪伴著你
一同搜尋，在樓梯旁的牆邊

XI.

找到遺失的原因。家中的鏡子負責所有的敘事
但只在事件發生的時候吐出言語，從來不會分享
它過去的回憶。正如它年老的女主人

3 菲律賓語：新社會。

4 菲律賓前總統馬可仕在 1972 年宣布戒嚴後，央行在 1975 年鑄造新硬幣紀念政府變革，該批硬幣生產至 1982 年止。

XII.

希望遺忘自己的過去。在那些破損的家具之間
鏡子是最有智慧的成員，總是方方正正地
把危險的時刻與凶險的未來

XIII.

一幅一幅接連顯現：在那場火災，女主人看見
遠方的火焰掀起羽翼，一件件確定地打包那些
所剩無幾的細軟——多年未穿的衣裳、大鐵罐裡的

XIV.

裁縫粉餅與織線。那是鏡子犯過最嚴重的錯。
拿著開山刀和鐵槌的工人
拔去釘子、砸爛地基，大力掄起槌子

XV.

往每面牆上揮去，整棟房子坍成瓦礫。
容納更多天空與鄰居的眼睛，讓吹過的風
形狀更為有機，不必再與

XVI.

不懈的日光，爭奪
昔日一百五十平方公尺的領地。過去的居民
如今已爬上貨車，在擁擠的床褥、咖啡機、

XVII.

縫紉機——在任何一件可能帶來富貴的物事中
揚長而去——傻傻地相信
各自分居公寓

XVIII.

與貧民窟似的大樓之後，便能重逢好運。
不到一天的功夫，家屋便化為
一堆廢品，具體的住處化為原型的地景，

XIX.

不再乘載任何重量與細節。它那嶄新的自由
與過去的自己毫無相似之處，任憑天空佔據自己
成為唯一的爐灶，將整個地方蓋在圓頂之下

XX.

照耀著永不散逸的光芒。如今你走進其中一間房，
另一間就會消失，就像纖細的夢一樣
盪回你的頭顱後方。如果再靠近點

XXI.

放大細節，你就能看見家具如今都裹了金箔
鏡子全都不再反光。失落的戒指
回到原地，只有老婦人從未離去。

History of a House in 21 Fragments

I.
Here was the *bahay na bato*¹ (wooden legs, stone skirt)—
Two floors held standing by post and lintel—facing
Obliquely to the east, so the ascending sun flickered

II.
Between the clapboard slats of its brown walls.
The windows, louvered, slotted into grooves, adding
Further transparency to the house, likewise recalled

III.
The porousness of wood. You could see passing bodies
Sliced neatly by spaces between panels and exercising
Decisions that resembled free will. A careful study

IV.
Might reveal something ordinary, transgressive.
It was the boy who had all the time to observe, leaning
Into the floor, getting glimpses of flesh submissive

V.
To water's clarifying assault. On the sills of windows,
Pots of *sampaguita* and oregano shedding
Their leaves on the jutting first floor roof endowed

VI.
With rust and hardened excrement of cats. The boy
Would broom off the offending material, meaning
He was ready to be humiliated by the world. Whose polity

VII.
Was it but his own? The sky relentlessly poured
Its worry through cracks, holes, slits, missing
Nothing but the space under floorboards. Should

VIII.
You claw open the slats, you would see balls of dust,
White scorpions, strips of foil. The boy, conducting
His own investigation, found orphan earrings, last

IX.
Decade's stamps, *Bagong Lipunan*³ coins. It was a house
Where nothing was ever thrown out, making everything
Difficult to find: matching pair of socks, towel with cow

X.
Print, a precious ring of uncle. Was the ring lost or pawned?
But Jesus Who Follows You with His Gaze surveying
From the wall near the stairs would have known

XI.
The culprit. The mirror, however, did all the talking,
But only in the span of the event, never sharing
In retrospect. It was the old woman's, deflecting

XII.
What it wished to forget. Among the broken furniture,
The mirror had the most wisdom, rectangularly revealing
The moment by moment crisis, the terrible future

1 Stone house

2 Jasmine

3 New Society

XIII.

Awaiting the house: fire. When she saw plumes of distant
Smoke, she assuredly packed her meager belongings—
Dresses unworn through the years, a large metal can

XIV.

Of tailor's chalk, threads. The mirror was never more wrong.
Workers armed with machetes and crowbars, loosening
Nails, smashing foundations, swinging their strong

XV.

Hammer force on every surface, made the house cave in.
The house opened to more sky and neighbors' eyes, letting
The wind to have a more organic shape, not countering

XVI.

The sun's unremitting claim on 150 square meters
Of once sovereign space. By then, its dwellers were riding
In a cargo truck, jostling with beds, coffee makers,

XVII.

Sewing machines—anything to see all of them
To a more fortunate life—foolishly investing
Their faith on separate dwellings in apartments,

XVIII.

Condominiums, almost shanties. In less than a day,
The house was sequestered in junk shops, transitioning
From the actual to the archetypal, which is to say

XIX.

It is no longer load-bearing, site-specific. Its freedom
Resembles nothing of its old self, allowing
The sky to claim it as its singular hearth, domed

XX.

With a perpetual glow that will never leak. Once a room
Is entered, another disappears, swinging
At the back of the head like a slim dream. Zoom

XXI.

Further in and you see the furniture gold-leafed,
All the mirrors opaque. The once lost ring
Is returned. Only the old woman has never left.

延遲

我們太習慣讓事情無限拖延下去
像是把家中鑰匙扔在
顯眼到令人遺忘的平台上
身邊視而不見的罪，將我們吞噬：

書籍與床單上的水漬，來自
破裂的水管與家屋的裂縫。過去的債務
利息已翻成三倍。整面牆一直等不到那張大學文憑
只等到染上肝炎，硬如浮石的臟器

整個家族的故事如今剩下零碎的詞語：
不得其愛、不竭其力、不搏其命
家人們所在之地散發著
刺耳的寧靜，宛如

臨終者耳邊的躁音。床邊的花籃
一年前就該襯在那裏
昏迷與心跳停止的¹
溫柔警鈴，也早該響起。

延遲是我們的詛咒：它逐漸漲起，凝聚成型，
並猛然墜落，在空氣中
穿刺出憂懼的壺洞。
而我們是重要的臣民，我們在它之下。

在此同時，比我們更好的另一種自己，正潔白無瑕地
穿上清高的聲譽和漂亮的鞋²
敲著窗戶向我們揮手道別
在神聖決心的列車裡倏忽離去

離別時，我們就連一張手帕都沒扔出
深怕手帕勒住了他們的脖子
或像護身符一樣，沉入他們的掌心。
昏昏沉沉的我們，只能在人行道上艱難地走

心中不斷排練離別場景
想著勇氣究竟何時
背叛了自己。把悔恨與自責
擺在放大鏡下看，卻看不出差異。

如果我們成為那樣的人，就能安全一點、
快樂一點，更被世界接受一點嗎？
那樣的話，滿嘴藉口、遲疑不決的我們
還剩下什麼價值？

我們重新憶起尚未糾正的往事，例如
我的父親從來世走了過來
戴著那張唯一照片裡的
假勞力士錶，穿著那件實驗袍

他讓我走進家門，說出：「爸爸，
我還沒準備好與你和解。」
死亡將他重新塑成一道連結
抵禦上帝的可怖決定。

詩句填補了父親現身時劃出的傷口
我們這些活人，只能
嚴守每個時刻，溫文有禮地忖度過去
但死者手中的時間卻無窮無盡。

1 本處的警鈴以及花籃發生的時間點都有兩種可能的詮釋。詩原文 Pre-dating 可能是指警鈴在昏迷與死亡前就該響起，也可能是指父親該早一點死。

2 詩原文 Good shoes 是雙關語，指故作清高。

The Delay

Adept at putting things off indefinitely,
Throwing them like house keys on
A surface easy to miss because apparent,
We suffer the malignity of our neglect:

The books and sheets ruined by burst pipes
And leaks, the debt whose interest has
Trebled, the wall bereft of a college diploma,
The liver turned to pumice by hepatitis.

Words, spare change to our family's
Unloveliness, remain unspent, ungambled
So what transpires in their stead is a kind
Of rasping silence hooked to the ear

Of the nearly dead. A basket of flowers
Affixed by the bedside should have
Arrived years earlier, with a tender note
Pre-dating coma and cardiac arrest.

This is our curse: the delay rises, cools,
Precipitates only to streak through
The air, carve potholes of apprehension.
We are its notable subjects, its underlings.

Meanwhile, our better selves, spotless
In their reputation and good shoes,
Rap at train windows, gesticulating at us,
Pulled by an inviolable resolve so swift

We have not even thrown a scarf
They can wrap around their throats,
Pressed an amulet into their palms.
Befuddled, we trudge on the pavement

Rehearsing the departure in our mind,
Determining the point when our nerve
Has failed us. Regret and remorse are
The same thing under a magnifying glass.

Had we been them, would we be safer,
Happier, more acceptable to the world?
How would we appraise the selves
Crippled by evasion and indecision?

Some things recur to be righted: my father,
For instance, arriving from the hereafter,
Wearing a fake Rolex and a lab coat similar
To the one he wears in the only photo

I have allowed in the house. "Papa," I say.
"I'm not yet ready to make amends."
Just like that, death reclaims him like a bond
As a stay against some terrific act of God.

The poem heals the gash of his entrance.
Reckoning is what the living do all day.
Punctual, well-behaved and benign,
The dead have all the time in their hands.

街道哀傷的六合詩

從沒什麼有名的事物來自七月四日街¹，
這條街總是打斷居民的睡眠
像是我祖母
總是被迫聽著哭嚎哀傷
的酒鬼，以及疾聲追逐的警察，
而我們只能懇求他們高抬貴手：這就是我們的遺產。

大半塞滿債務與不幸，我們的遺產
對於不住在七月四日街
的人，是不可見的——但願其他人，尤其是警察，
能再寬容一些，讓我們擁有睡眠、
擁有靜默，擁有窮困。我們的哀傷
像鹽，而我們吞下眼淚，一如祖母。

過去她在街旁安頓家屋，祖母
撐過了沒有丈夫的一生，撐過了上帝給她的遺產。
沒有人見證這樣的哀傷
只有五個孩子和七月四日街
的早年回憶，能幫她進入睡眠。
但幾十年後又有人來打擾：這兒出現了警察。

有一次，在往公立學校的途中，我看見警察
追著幾個表弟說他們販毒。但祖母
從未出手阻止。肥皂劇和午後的睡眠
如今已是她遴選的夥伴，她的遺產。
在一條叫做七月四日街
的地方活了這麼久，她該有權免於這樣的哀傷。

有時候就像紗布或咳嗽糖漿，哀傷
也可能讓人成癮。即使你堅毅不屈，也擋不了警察
像蜂巢一般圍滿各地。這些巡邏七月四日街
的人，究竟貯藏了怎樣的狂野悲苦？也許祖母
可以教他們一些當地遺產
的智慧，讓他們晚上不再需要打老婆，只需入睡。

在一場暴動，或石頭砸向我們家的過程中，我假裝在睡。
小男孩的體內能夠承裝的哀傷
是有限的；我曾經發著燒瘋狂哭喊，抱怨這些生命中的遺產。
雖然那些人正在盤查別人的家——那些警察
但我知道還是有人能把我聽得一清二楚——我的祖母。
填寫地址時，我將帶著羞愧寫下七月四日街。

祖母啊，原諒我放棄這些遺產。
如今我離開了七月四日街，卻拋不開街上的哀傷。
只是警察要操煩的事又少了一項。您就睡吧。

1 詩原文 Cuatro de Julio 為西班牙文「七月四日」之意。是馬尼拉的街道名。

Sestina for Street-side Sorrow

Nothing famous ever came out of Cuatro de Julio,
The street that always interrupted the sleep
Of its inhabitants, including my grandmother's,
Who had to listen through the bawling sorrow
Of drunkards, the scampering of the police,
All of us under their mercy: our inheritance.

Largely debt and unhappiness, our inheritance
Was not visible to those living outside Cuatro de Julio—
If it were, other people, especially the police,
Would have been more forgiving, allowing our sleep,
Our silence and our poverty. Exposed to sorrow
Like salt, we swallowed our tears, like grandmother.

Setting up a house by the street, my grandmother
Soldiered through a husbandless life, her inheritance
From God. No one was a witness to this sorrow
Except her five children and Cuatro de Julio
Which, in its early years, was conducive for sleep.
They would be meddlesome decades later, the police.

Once, on my way to public school, I saw the police
Chase my cousins for drug pushing. My grandmother
Never intervened. Soap operas and afternoon sleep
Were her chosen companion, her inheritance.
For living so long in a street called Cuatro de Julio
She should have been spared from this kind of sorrow.

Sometimes, like shabu or cough syrup, sorrow
Could be addictive. Even the steadfast among the police
Are honeycombed by it. Patrolling Cuatro de Julio,

What wild sadness were they storing? My grandmother
Could teach them a thing about this native inheritance
So instead of beating their wives, they could sleep.

In a riot or in the stoning of our house, I feigned sleep.
There's a limit to a boy's body in containing sorrow;
Feverish, I once wept complainingly over this inheritance.
They were busy searching another's house, the police
But I knew she heard me loud and clear, my grandmother.
In shame, I would write my address as Fourth of July.

Grandmother, forgive me for forsaking my inheritance.
I may have left Cuatro de Julio but not its sorrow.
The police have one less thing to worry about now. Sleep.

逆流而上

這一艘艘狹窄小舟——簡直就是棺材——
彷彿裝著悔恨的引擎，全身塗著
熱帶的藍。我們擠進船裡，踏上逆流之旅，
深入光暗斑駁的沙勞越¹。

即便用「揮霍無度」這個詞
也不再能形容陽光毫無節制的炫技
它盡其所能灑下斑點，讓我們的身體閃耀一如
遠不可觸的海洋動物。你的英語

在此失去力量——相機的眼瞳捕捉綠意的能力
遠非詞彙能及——而小舟
猛然一震，也不是短短一句「好快啊」
得以窮盡。船身的木材很貴

因為可以防水，可以滑過一顆顆
我們感受到的石頭，而不會
衝進水流的掌心。河流懂得放下
一切抓不住的事物。當小舟

衝上了乾地——船身下的粗礫
擦過它的背脊——我們便能放任徘徊入迷的心靈
細看一切能夠殖民的標的：樹根、
蘭花、鳳梨花、繩索編成的橋。

我們不確定當下的時刻
是否存在這座森林之中。
森林將連綿不絕的瞬間，編織成永恆無縫的織錦：
蠓蠓、蘇丹、旅客、仍在演化的

生物的眼睛。這種理解叢林的方式
讓我們看不見什麼？也許是當下時代的細縷，
也許左右兩岸的土地，如今正同時經歷著
波濤洶湧的變動？當我們看著這艘小船

而非某個靜止不動的事物，我們是否
也捨棄了地圖，而為某個心中預想的終點背書？
這樣的觀點，會生出哪些多餘的水晶般
過於清澈的語詞，令我們的舌扭曲？

我想在旅程中看見的畫面，
是一隻紅毛猩猩盪過林間枝葉。但它
就宛如一世紀前的白人拉惹²，踏上婆羅洲森林
弭平戰火時眼中的風景，那麼罕見。

1 沙勞越位於婆羅洲西北方。現為馬來西亞的一州。1841年英國人布魯克幫助汶萊蘇丹國平定叛亂，獲得領土，建立沙勞越王國。該王國經濟繁榮，不斷向北購置更多領土。二戰時期沙勞越被日本佔領，戰後布魯克家族將領土讓與英國皇室。六零年代沙勞越與馬來亞、新加坡、沙巴共同組成了馬來西亞聯邦。

2 亦作「拉者」、「羅蘭」，南亞與東南亞對君王的稱號。「白人拉惹」是沙勞越王國統治者布魯克家族的稱號。

Upriver

Confined into narrow boats—essentially coffins—
Motorized as if by afterthought, painted with
The blue of the tropics, set on a course upriver,
Off to the dappled interior of Sarawak we enter.

Extravagant doesn't even begin to describe
This shameless showmanship of light as it strives
In earnest to speckle our bodies, the radiant flesh
Of marine animals too far from here. Your English

Is rendered useless—the eye of the camera captures
The greens better than language—and the lurch
Of the boat unannounced can't be summarized
By the curt, "That was fast." The wood prized

For this purpose is water-proof, meant to skid
On river stones so what we experience, instead
Of the clench of the current, is the failure of grasp,
The river giving way. When the hull strands

On a dry segment—the grit underneath jarring
The spine—it is time to let the rapt, hovering
Mind take stock of what it can colonize: roots,
Orchids, bromeliads, bridges plaited in rope.

We aren't sure whether the present resides
In this forest which, in seamless strokes, braids
The almost timeless with the eternally fleeting:
Newts, sultans, travelers, creatures still evolving

Sight. When we take in the jungle this way,
What do we fail to see? Strands of now, the lay
Of the land simultaneously rolling from both
Sides of the banks? If so, what is this boat

Other than a stilling element for our attention,
Affirming maplessly an assured destination?
How would this perspective inflect our tongues
With the spare crystal of a new clarity? An

Orangutan swinging in the leaves is what
I want to see, rare as the sighting of the white
Raja who, more than a century ago, once paced
These Bornean forests, keeping the peace.

高山省¹

月亮把松針泡在
化學的光源裡，
把樹根浸入

滾燙的光液中，彷彿這樣
就會有什麼東西
從盲暗無明的睡眠裡現身：

那銀色的東西
永不中斷、永不止息，
它將證明

這永不變易的風景
只是一場騙局，
並且讓松林的無私靈魂

將緊密的年輪
一層層向外推開。
但我們並未走出門外

見證這²
神聖的轉變
沒有去看這一生一次

融化萬物的壯闊奇景，
卻選擇躲在自己的生命之中
拒斥外界的擾動。

我們都希望這樣過完一生
永遠都不要遇到
未知的事物，永遠相信著

自己的相信。相信
肉體凡軀的力量
便是生活所需，或者相信

這一切不過是一個
不再年輕的夜
在薄霧裡拭鏡自憐罷了。

¹ 詩原文標題 Mountain Province 指菲律賓省分，位於呂宋島北部。

² 詩原文 Transubstantiation 聖餐變體。在基督教的聖餐儀式上，餅與酒在祝聖之後，便成為基督的聖體與聖血。

Mountain Province

The moon douses the pines
With chemical light,
Soaking their roots as if,

By scalding them as such,
Something of earth
In its blind sleep would

Reveal itself: silver,
Contiguous, indefatigable,
That which will prove

The landscape in its un-
Movingness is a fraud
And the tight rings of trees

Are propelled outward
By its generous spirit.
Instead of stepping out

And witnessing this
Transubstantiation
In a grand scale, this

once-in-a-lifetime thaw,
We choose our privacies,
Not wanting this intrusion.

What we want is to go on
With our lives untouched
By the unknown, confident

In our knowledge that
Our own earthly powers
Will suffice or simply,

That the night, no longer
Young, is just wiping
Her own mirror in the haze.

廚房裡的異教徒

他漫無目的拖著腳步——
穿著一雙旅館拖鞋——翻閱食譜
開始晚餐的前奏曲，但見天色已晚
陽光被薄暮的顏色打亂。

我們是否應該做出評斷？他孤絕一人
在菜葉上尋找腐爛斑痕。每找到一次
就更顯出一點窮酸。
他毫不動搖的專心致志

難道稱不上神秘奧蹟¹？他的飢餓是神聖的
沒有家人在樓上等著吃飯。
客廳裡的電視機
兀自閃耀不可勝數的聖輝，但卻沒有人看。

沒有任何東西與這老光棍作對
當他的拇指按上無鋒的刀背，
把洋蔥剖半。他的雙眼
為刀下生靈所受的苦難而盈淚。

如果你望著他
大步穿過窗戶，你會看見一位修道士
頂著剃髮一般的禿頂²，自得其所
獻身於每一件細小的動作：

轉開爐子旋鈕，喀噠一聲
燃起生動的火。平底鍋滋滋作響：
油與水協商著國境的問題
炊煙對天花板迎頭痛擊，預告

嗎哪³的威脅就要來臨。在結束柴米油鹽的儀式之後，
他明白自己應屬之地：在晚餐前的
椅子上，在漂浮於太空的
廚房中，彷彿宇宙之外的一顆行星。

1 詩原文 **mystery** 有一義為「奧蹟」，指天主教教義中神的意念所形之奇事，非凡人之心所能領會。諸如三位一體、聖子降生、死後復活等等。

2 基督宗教中，修道士剃去頭頂之髮，代表投身於信仰。

3 嗎哪，荒野中天賜的奇蹟食糧，出自舊約聖經。

The Infidel in the Kitchen

How he shuffles with no motive and intent—
His feet shod in hotel slippers—checking
Out his ref for preludes of a meal because it is late,
Because the dusk has complicated the light.

Should we judge him for his solitude,
His particular impoverishment, that whenever
He inspects a patch of rot in a vegetable,
He, in his attention, doesn't once waver,

Doesn't call it as mystery? His hunger is holy.
No family upstairs that needs to be fed.
In the living room, a television flickers
Its multitudinous hues. It exists unwatched.

Nothing conspires against the old bachelor
As he, thumb on the blunt nape of the knife,
Splits the onion into two. His eyes tear
From the minute suffering of the given.

If you watch him stride through his window
At this very hour, you will see a monk,
His bald patch his tonsure, confident
In the gesture of his devotional task:

When he turns its knob and hears a click,
A stove will flourish into fire. The pan sizzles:
Oil and water negotiating their boundaries,
Smoke assailing the ceiling like the menace

Of manna. After this commonplace ritual,
He knows whereof he sits: in a chair in front
Of his dinner, in the kitchen that floats
In space, like the planet outside of it.

頌歌

我無法對你訴說，任何你仍不知曉
或至少尚未聽聞的東西——因為你已經
在生活中填滿了許多事物，堅定地告別
那些所謂的傻瓜口中的哲學，
即使心中仍有永不凋亡的信念，你依然
對司空見慣的堅硬投幣孔獻出忠誠，告別

所有音樂、一切奇景，將神諭與迷信
全都揀除殆盡，它們唯一剩下的奇蹟喃喃低語
讓你即使失去無盡的複查和押韻
複雜的糾葛與悲劇，也能存活下去，
過去的一切熱情全都化為這世上
純潔無辜的直白、簇簇叢生的輕蔑、點著頭同意的

平靜無風字句。「你是怎麼了
幹嘛吵我起來，中斷了早晨的歌曲
我正在刷我的牙、綁我的鞋帶、做我的工作
繳我的稅，」你問道。不，我沒有任何問題
這不是故作謙卑，而是敬重你的好運。
畢竟這些啟示是我少數真正崇敬的東西

打從第一眼起，宇宙便沒有任何地方
需要我們改進，它在沒有觀眾，沒有舞台之處
上演宏偉的即興劇，讓浩瀚無盡的細胞
重獲生機，剪去多餘的部分，將生命的尖角
磨成獨一無二的意識、一眨一閉的眼睛。
是啊，我們能活在這裡，是多麼幸運！

正如你想說的，我們的夢想與敲敲打打
究竟有什麼意義，我們追逐閃電，
建造帝國——全都是消磨時間的不同方法——
當我們最初被扔入世上，漫無目的漂流，
在四面八方的波浪中奮進，我們想要的
只不過是以最不痛苦、最不折磨的方法越過海峽。

但這不表示我們只能扮成牆頭草，只能看見球
卻看不見球賽，只能見樹而不見林。
如今你身處的城市已然消散
在安打與落空之間，在無數更新的嘗試之間。
能夠抵禦這些惰性的人便是那彌賽亞——而這並非巧合。
你偶然買來一條生命，讓你能夠跳舞。

Song

There's nothing I can tell you that you don't know yet
Or at least haven't heard about—only, you have set
Plenty of things to do for the day and firmly decided
To disengage from the philosophy of the fools so-called,
Declaring allegiance, in the face of unwithering belief
In yourself, to the tight slots of the quotidian, bereft

Of music and spectacle, picked terribly clean of oracle
And superstition, their sole, susurrating miracle
Is that they allow you to live without complication
And the tragedy of endless rhymes and repetitions,
The sheer ardor of it all being resolved to the world's
Immaculate plainness, tufts of slight, windless words

Nodding their heads in agreement. "What's wrong
With waking up and interrupting the morning's song
To brush my teeth and tie my shoes, do my work
And pay my taxes," you ask. Nothing, and your luck
Is something I respect, no condescension there.
After all, the revealed is something I truly adore

Since at first glance, the universe needs no improve-
ment on our part, operating its majestic improv
Without any audience and theater, rehabilitating
Its innumerable cells, shedding the excess, rounding
Life's corners to distinct awareness and flickering sight.
Indeed, we are all lucky to be here and alive!

What's the use then, as you imply, of dreaming
And tinkering, of pursuing lightning and building
Empires—the many way of killing time—when
We have been launched adrift at the onset, challenged
And buffeted from all sides and all we want to do
Is to cross the channel with the littlest pain and woe.

But that doesn't mean we play fence-sitters only,
See the ball but not the game, the forest from the trees.
The city where you are now has transpired through
Hits and misses, the countless attempts to make it new.
He who resists inertia is the messiah—no happenstance.
Your life is purchased by chance so you can dance.

幸福

在獨自生活的許多日子裡，我依然為
我們一同入睡的床，留下了空位。
我們褪去的皮，將床單染成淡茶色。

我們曾有遠大的夢，追求烏托邦般的平靜
但我心中的某一部分——那無聲的潛意識——
卻擔心著，你會從床上一躍而起，

打開門鎖，一頭衝出家門，讓街上的車燈
在你緊閉的眼簾上搏動。你說
你會夢遊過，在公園裡醒來，那兒的鞦韆

鏈條鏽蝕相互交纏，發出吱吱嘎嘎的聲音。床墊上的我們
彷彿一對雙生身體，彼此交手、滑移。
但每晚當我望向窗外，卻從未看見驚喜，只徒增疑懼。

我們之間究竟如何彼此約定，
為什麼每當清晨來臨，都能相信前一天的臉龐上
幾乎不會有任何勉強的情緒？我想是因為我們

睡前小小舞蹈的關係：我煮好兩人份的晚餐，
與你一起進食，輕聊幾句，然後你去洗碗。
我們這樣生活了很多年。我總是看著你

水槽旁裸著上身的背影。愛著你波浪般的髮，
纖弱的肩，毫無保留的細瘦手臂。
肥皂水在你水龍頭下方的手腕繞成一對鐮子，

你拿起餐盤的樣子，彷彿拿著某張一半透明，
一半珍貴的礦石切片。你的身影在日光燈下如此立體。
讓我一次次憶起，並說那是世上唯一的東西。

Happiness

In my frequent days of living alone, I make room
For the bed where we coordinated our sleep,
Our shed skins staining the sheets the color of weak tea.

We were aspirants to an otherworldly kind of peace
Though a fraction of me—mute and subconscious—
Worried that you may leap from the bed, figure out

The locks and run headlong to the outside, carlights
Pulsing against your lids. You sleepwalked once,
You told me, ending in a park where a swing, rusting

In its chains, twisted and creaked. On the mattress
We moved and parried like twins. I look at out nightly
Conclusions not with wonderment but doubt.

How did we ever manage such an arrangement when,
The morning after, we would assume our old faces
With little or no reluctance? I credit our little dance

Before I slept: I cooking something for two, us
Sharing dinner and small talk, you washing the dishes.
This went on for years. I would watch you at the sink,

Your back, shirtless, to me. I loved your waved hair,
Your slight shoulders, your thin, unquestioning arms.
Suds braceleting your wrists trained under a faucet,

You lifted a plate like a slice of mineral, translucent
And semi-precious. You were vivid in fluorescent light.
Not once did I mention and call it the only thing it was.

詩作後記

Information on the Selected Poems

詩作後記

文 / 卡羅瑪·雅康吉·戴歐納

第三世界的黎明曲

這首詩的初版刊在吉隆坡的文學雜誌《*Naratif Kisah*》¹上。詩作是對城市的沉思，尤其是對我所在的大都會馬尼拉的沉思。正如標題所言，這是大都會的早晨之歌。住有兩百萬居民的馬尼拉，是世界上最密集的城區之一。詩作敘述了我對這座城市的看法。從身邊鄰里的風景，延伸到人們每天都得與其交手的，各種自然與人造的複雜存在：「捷運站、廣告看板、巴石河。」我在詩中想說的是，雖然馬尼拉擁有某些世上最混亂首都的特質，卻也有獨特的魅力。詩人的責任是歌頌這座城市的一切，畢竟我已經「成為這殘墟廢體的一員 / 這就是我的生命」。

二十一則斷片的家屋史

這首詩寫於 2011 年，靈感源於老家家人決定遷居時，童年家屋被拆毀的經驗。那棟屋子裡住了許多母系親戚。無論是好是壞，它終究將我們的生命交纏在一起。我們一面搬遷，老屋的牆板一邊逐張拆成破片——那是一幅讓我痛苦的畫面。因此，我將這首詩切成二十一則斷片，呈現這古老的房舍逐漸破為斷垣的過程。可惜的是，最初決定要賣掉房子搬離舊屋的祖母，卻在搬遷之前過世了。某種意義上，她被留下了。她在舊日房廳的影像裡徘徊，除了想像的風景與這首詩篇之外，再也不存在。

延遲

這首詩寫於 2012 年。內容並非源自真實的個人經驗，而是我對

於拖延的過程與原因的沉思。我的家人與世上其他的人們，總是選擇一拖再拖，直到時間已然不夠。於是我開始想像另一種可能性。在另一個世界中，我們總是急急忙忙地做事，對每件事都立即做出反應。當我問道：「如果我們成為那樣的人，就能安全一點 / 快樂一點，更被世界接受一點嗎？」我心中浮現了一些往事。這表示也許我們依然擁有修復錯誤的機會。有時候，這種機會只能存在於藝術中，而且即便存在，我們依然無法觸及。也許是因為恐懼，因為惰性、甚至因為仇恨。即便只是與死者和解，對我們之中的一些人而言都太困難。但弔詭的是，死者卻可以一直徘徊，一直等待，等待生者的原諒。畢竟他們「手中的時間無窮無盡。」

街道哀傷的六合詩

這首以義大利六合詩體寫成的作品，是對於〈二十一則斷片的家屋史〉中那棟老屋的沉思。我在詩中安放了對於家的記憶：我的祖母、祖母堅忍守護家屋的方式、還有「哭嚎哀傷 / 的酒鬼，以及疾聲追逐的警察」。我家的住址讓小時候的我感到羞恥。每次要寫住址的時候，我都避開那條街真正的西班牙語名稱 *Cuatro de Julio*（七月四日街），故意用英語寫成「*Fourth of July*」。這首詩是我最個人的作品之一。我如今也許離開了那棟老家，離開了那些街弄；但無論去到哪裡，我童年的哀傷依然存在。

1 此為印尼文「敘事故事」（narrative story）之意。

逆流而上

我愛書寫自然風景，這首詩就是其一。我在這首詩中思考我們的感知機制，思考它在全新的土地上如何探索，如何轉變。我在 2011 年造訪了沙勞越的叢林深處，以及當地的「長屋」。要前往長屋，我們必須乘船逆流而上。這趟旅程给了我一些最壯麗的風景：「樹根 / 蘭花、鳳梨花、繩索編成的橋。」當地的森林遠離文明，將我們熟知的一種時間概念切成一條細帶，並將「連綿不絕的瞬間，編織成永恆無縫的織錦」。這會讓我們的感知受到怎樣的改變？在詩的結尾，敘事者說他只是想看紅毛猩猩而已——即使在這個地方，這幅畫面依然並不平常，並且「如同白人拉惹眼中的風景 / 那麼罕見」。這邊的白人拉惹，指的是沙勞越王朝的建立者，英國人詹姆士·布洛克（James Brooke）²。

高山省

這首詩和〈逆流而上〉一樣，也是對於自然世界的沉思。詩中寫的是高山省的一個城鎮薩加達（Sagada），位於菲律賓北部。上一次造訪當地時，我看見了滿月光傾瀉大地的威力。那景象會催眠人心，讓人宛如從體內萌生恐懼。「我們」在沛然強大的感官衝擊面前，決定不要走出房門「見證這 / 神聖的轉變 / 沒有去看這一生一次 / 融化萬物的壯闊奇景」，而是待在原地，告訴自己這樣的奇觀就像是其他自然現象一樣，雖然看起來可能相當壯闊，但很快就會消逝。

2 詹姆士·布洛克（James Brooke），英國探險家。協助當地總督弭平內亂，獲封土地在當地建立布洛克王朝。

廚房裡的異教徒

身為一個還不算很快結婚的單身漢，我有時候會想像年老時的獨身生活。〈廚房裡的異教徒〉就是這樣的想像。詩中的主角也許看不出外顯的宗教行為，內心卻過著修道士一般的冥思日子。他相信在家屋的範圍之外，還存在著某種更為巨大，更為幽稀的真實。

頌歌

這首詩有著顯而易見的兩行韻。我以這首詩對抗我們的惰性，對抗隨波逐流的生活。對我而言，無論生命或世界定下了怎樣的規律，無論「四面八方的波浪」如何搖撼我們，寫作都是人們掌握命運的方式之一。即使活在這裡不過「只是偶然」，我們依然要謳歌我們的存在，並掌握每個機會讓生命更為美好。

幸福

這是一幅家居生活的圖像，也是一首家居生活的頌歌。詩中的兩人決定住在一起，無論遇見什麼困難，無論他們的關係會遭受什麼衝擊。詩中的日常瑣事（煮飯、洗碗、睡在同一張床上）當下可能並不起眼，但事後回想卻全都是築起幸福的一磚一瓦。在往後的人生中，一切都將不斷回憶。一切都將永不散去。

劉維人 / 譯

Information on the Selected Poems

By Carlomar Arcangel Daoana

Aubade from the Third World

Published in the first edition of *Naratif Kisah*, a literary journal based in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, this poem is a contemplation of the city, in particular of Metro Manila, where I am based. As the title suggests, it is a morning song for the metropolis, which is home to 20 million people, making it as one of the densest urban areas in the world. The poem narrates my view of this city, beginning with the surrounding neighborhood and expanding to encompass other natural and man-made features familiar to those who negotiate its complexity every single day: “MRT, billboards, Pasig River.” In this poem, I wish to contend that Manila, while sharing the character of some of the world’s most chaotic capitals, has its unique charms, and that it is my duty as a poet to sing all of it, as it “puts a context to the wreckage / That is my life.”

History of a House in 21 Fragments

Written in 2011, this poem is inspired by my childhood home which got demolished when its inhabitants decided to move on to other houses. Many of my relatives on the maternal side lived in this house which, for better or for worse, intertwined our lives together. We were still in the process of moving when the house was demolished plank by plank—a sight that pained me to see. I broke the poem down into 21 fragments to suggest how the house, being old, was taken down piece by piece. Unfortunately, my grandmother, who was the one who made the decision to sell and leave the house in the first place, died before doing so. In a way, she has been left behind, roaming the phantom rooms and halls of a house that no longer exists except in imagination and in this poem.

The Delay

This poem, written in 2012, was prompted not by an actual personal experience but the thought of how—and why—people, such as my family, choose to delay doing things until there’s no more time left to do so. I begin to think of the alternative, the version of ourselves that are always prompt, that always act urgently. I ask: “would we be safer,/ Happier, more acceptable to the world?” The fact that some things recur, in my head, means that it’s a chance for us to make them right. Sometimes, that chance is offered only by art, and even so, we still don’t take it, possibly out of fear, inertia, even hate. Even reconciling with the dead is too difficult for some of us to make. Paradoxically, they continue to wait and linger for forgiveness from the living, because they “have all the time in their hands.”

Sestina for Street-side Sorrow

Written in the Italianate form of the sestina, this poem is a meditation on the house alluded to in “History of a House in 21 Fragments.” Here, I establish some of my memories of home: my grandmother and how she stood metaphorically for the house as well as “the bawling sorrow / Of drunkards, the scampering of the police.” As a child, I felt shame over it, writing our street as “Fourth of July” whenever asked and not the accurate Spanish name, Cuatro de Julio. It’s one of my most intensely personal poems. While I may have left the house and the neighborhood, I still carry this childhood sorrow anywhere I go.

Upriver

I love writing about the natural world, and here is the poem that exemplifies that. In this poem, I examine the mechanism of perception and how it navigates and negotiates through a new territory. The newfound place is the interior forest of Sarawak and its “long houses,” which I visited in 2011. To reach the location of these houses, one has to ride a boat upriver. The journey affords some of the most spectacular views: “roots,/ Orchids, bromeliads, bridges plaited in rope.” Because far removed from civilization, the forest strips one of the conventional concept of time, as it fuses together “(t)he almost timeless with the eternally fleeting.” In what way does this alter our perception? At the end of the poem, the persona simply wishes to see an orangutan—an extraordinary phenomenon even in these parts and “rare as the sighting of the white / Raja.” The white raja alluded to in the poem is the Englishman James Brooke, who first founded and ruled the Kingdom of Sarawak.

Mountain Province

Just like the poem “Upriver,” this is also a meditation on the natural world. The scenario is that of Sagada, one of the towns in Mountain Province, which is located north of the Philippines. The last time I went there, I saw how powerfully a full moon pour its light on the landscape. Mesmerizing, the sight actually evoked something akin to visceral fear. The feeling was one of overwhelming sensation that, instead of going out and “witnessing this/ Transubstantiation/ In a grand scale, this// once-in-a-lifetime thaw,” the collective “we” choose to stay put, confident in knowing that, just like other natural phenomena, the sight, spectacular as it may be, will soon pass.

The Infidel in the Kitchen

As a bachelor and with no plans of marrying soon, I sometimes

imagine living a solitary life in my old age, something I projected onto the “infidel in the kitchen.” While he may not have any outwardly visible religious life, he actually lives a life of a contemplative, a monk, who believes that outside the confines of his house exists a larger, more rarefied reality.

Song

This poem, which has an evident rhyming couplet, is my song against inertia, against simply flowing with life. Writing for me is one of the ways with which one can take hold of his destiny, regardless of the laws of life and nature, regardless of the forces buffeting us “from all sides.” Despite being here by “chance,” we have to celebrate existence and make it better with every chance we get.

Happiness

A portrait of—and an ode to—the domestic life, this poem celebrates the lives of two people who have decided to reside together in one house despite the possible challenges that may arise and impinge upon their relationship. The mundane events (the cooking, the washing of the dishes, the sleeping together in one bed) may not seem much, but in hindsight, they constitute the building blocks of happiness, which they thought have alluded them all their lives. It’s been there all along.

作為將一位詩人的作品引入另一種語言的首位譯者，是非常惶恐的。

中文的英詩譯作不少，過去以來許多前輩與老師的譯詩選集對台灣的讀者並不陌生，但多數的作品出自英、美等國，大半也為已有多人研究的名作。各種研究、評論，以及前輩的譯作都能給予後進譯者寶貴的養分，讓譯文盡量傳達出原詩的語言精妙。

但將來自陌生異地的詩作首次譯為中文，卻讓我宛如身處大洋中央，放眼望去毫無一處可以抓握。我對菲律賓的瞭解僅止於報章、百科，與少數書籍；詩人卡羅馬·雅康吉·戴歐納（**Carlomar Arcangel Daoana**）的作品在網路上也幾乎找不到研究文獻。我深深擔心這樣的陌生造成逐譯過程中的錯誤理解，在此誠恐地邀請您指正我的錯誤。

戴歐納選出的詩作給我的整體形象，在語言上相當現代，文化脈絡上卻相當陌生。如果閱讀原文，讀者一定很快就能發現詩人相當重視形式的一致性。詩選的每首作品中，每一段都遵守固定行數，每一句的字元數都盡量相等。詩人在有限的條件下，充分運用字詞的深度、長度、音樂性，調奏敘事與語言的層次與節奏。雖然說當代許多詩作的體例逐漸自由，但在某些限制條件下呈現語言的精練與趣味，或者透過歷史悠久的詩歌形式，傳達當代或自我的意識，一直都是最能展現出詩人技藝的精彩之處。

戴歐納無疑是詩藝的高手。例如〈街道哀傷的六合詩〉就是一種相當古遠的西方詩體。「六合詩」（**Sestina**）這種詩體共有七段，

前六段每段六行，每一段句末的六個字（假設為 **ABCDEF**），以螺旋似的規則重新排列至下一段（**FAEBDC**），最後一段則再由這六個字組成三行。光是這套規則就確立了每一段句末的用字以及最末段的結尾，嚴格規範各段的關係性與發展性。特殊的結尾限制，讓六合詩注定由六個關鍵意象不斷交錯舞蹈，過去許多名作都帶著迷宮或夢境般的命運迴旋感。戴歐納也不例外，在這首詩中他精選了小時候讓他差根的老家社區環境、建立家屋的年邁祖母、警察與社區動盪的拉扯，以及睡眠 / 遺產這對逃離現實與延續現實的意象，極為生動地說出了一則在嘈雜與侵擾中成長的少年，在逃脫環境限制與懷念兒時歷史之間的複雜情感。

而另一方面，意象的昇華與反思也是長久以來的詩歌奧義之一。在本次的詩選中，我們看到戴歐納以極為優秀的技巧與細緻的人文思緒，將事物的表層現象連結到人類的處境與當代的社會發展狀況。〈逆流而上〉、〈高山省〉兩首中的自然景觀，都巧妙地成為了另一層人類活動的反思之鏡。我們在〈逆流而上〉中跟著作者一路體驗文明世界冒險者對於自然奇景的探獵之心；在〈高山省〉那宛如幻境的異相中，反思我們脆弱的心靈在未知之物面前拙劣的自我說服。而在〈第三世界的黎明曲〉當中，詩人給了我們一則當代資本主義社會下的大都會哀愁，與小市民的無奈自嘲。在詩選的作品中，每當詩人處理到現代生活的掙扎，都往往帶著幽默的雙面性，既呈現出現代性的異化，也揭示我們臣服於現實並自我合理化的可悲性格，同時又呈現出在物質瑣事中發掘真正精神生活的可能。在〈頌歌〉中他向捨棄形而上夢想，屈服於例行公事的聽者，講述我們的生命竟然存在於宇宙無數的可能性中，是多麼珍貴的事。在〈幸福〉中，我們則看見生活中一切

可能的恐懼，以及每一則最細瑣的日常記憶，都可能成為世界上唯一重要的東西。在〈廚房裡的異教徒〉中，詩人更將敘事的雙

重性發揮淋漓盡致，一方面點破柴米油鹽對於我們生活的儀式性意義，一方面暗示出這些儀式性的細節其實也足以孕育出遺世獨立的完滿生命。

詩人的技藝與層次無疑極為精彩，可惜的是我的能力最多只能讓譯文成為拙劣的仿擬。為了盡量將我所讀到的意義放入譯文中，

我重組了許多字句的順序、在具有雙重義的字詞中僅取一義、並加入某些連接性的詮釋使脈絡更通順。這顯然讓譯文失去了原詩的凝鍊與多樣性，並讓中文版的譯詩成為原詩的一種誤讀(misreading)。戴歐納的語言具有強烈的英語特色，但用詞大半並不艱澀。無論譯文是否有幸能讓您感受到原詩意象與思緒的某些特色，都請您勢必閱讀原詩，讓語言的雙重性、詩人思緒的所有層次，以及原詩的語言之美真正呈現。

翻譯與討論過程中，感謝珮杏、丞翎、琳森、家榮的譯文指正與閱讀。感謝紅樓詩社與文化部舉辦的東南亞文學論壇。希望這幾首譯詩，能讓您更接近戴歐納精妙原作一小步。

Translator Note

By LIU Weijen

It's an anxious experience as the first translator to introduce a poet in another language.

Many English poems have been translated into Chinese over the years. Readers in Taiwan are familiar with various poetry anthologies. However, many poems are from United Kingdom or the United States, and many literary works have been studied extensively. These researches, critiques and previous translations are helpful to convey sophisticated meanings between words.

When translating poems from unfamiliar lands into Chinese for the first time, I feel like drafting in the middle of ocean without anything to hold on. My knowledge sources about the Philippines are limited to media coverage, encyclopedias and a few books. Article of the work by Carlomar Arcangel Daoana are mostly unavailable online. I am deeply concerned about potential misunderstandings in the translation process due to unfamiliarity, so I humbly welcome all corrections.

Daoana's poems, in my impression, use modern languages, but unfamiliar cultural contexts. Readers should soon notice in original texts that the poet pays lots of attention to format consistency. Each section of his poems in this anthology has fixed numbers of lines, and mostly uses similar number of characters in each line. Under limitations, he utilizes length and depth of words to compose narrative and linguistic levels and rhythms. While poetic styles in the contemporary world are gaining freedom, the best poets can still demonstrate exquisite skills under constraints, or communicate contemporary or personal awareness via historical formats.

Daoana is, without question, a skillful poet. "Sestina for Street-

side Sorrow”, for example, adopts an ancient poetry format, sestina. Each sestina includes seven sections, and the first six sections include six lines each. The last words in each line in the first section are reshuffled in order, and used in subsequent sections at the end of each line. The last section, which contains three lines, must include these six words as well. These rules decide words in each line and the last section, and strictly regulate relationship and development between sections. Special restrictions intertwine six key images in sestinas. Many renowned works spin like a maze or dream, including the one by Daoana. He describes hometown environment that embarrasses him in childhood, old grandmother who builds the family home, struggles between law enforcement and community unrests, as well as sleep/legacy that evades/sustains reality. He vividly talks about a youngster grows in noises and disturbances, and how he stands between escaping social restrictions and revisiting childhood nostalgia.

Poetry is also about elevating and contemplating on images. In this anthology, Daoana connects phenomena with human predicaments and contemporary social developments through outstanding skills and intricate thoughts. Natural landscapes in “upriver” and “Mountain Province” are mirrors to reflect on human activities. In “upriver”, we follow the author to observe how adventurers from civilized worlds explore natural spectacles. Fantastic and exotic scenarios in “Mountain Province” inspire us to rethink how our fragile minds awkwardly persuade ourselves in front of the unknown. In “Aubade from the Third World”, the poet presents metropolitan sorrow and self-mockery by commoners in the contemporary capitalist society. His works in this anthology often add humor in struggles in modern life. While poems reveal the alienating quality in modernity, they also speak out how we pathetically succumb to and rationalize reality. His literary works,

however, also point out possibilities to discover authentic spiritual life within trivia. For listeners who abandon metaphysical ideals and surrender to routines, he talks about how precious it is that our lives are surrounded by countless possibilities in “Song”. In “Happiness”, he reminds us that all possible fears in life and trivial daily memories may be the only thing that matters in the world. In “The Infidel in the Kitchen”, the poet pushes narrative duality to the ultimate level. It underlines the ritualistic meaning of chores in our life, and also implies how those details can support an independent life in full.

His linguistic skills and levels are definitely fascinating. Unfortunately, I can at most translate his works into a burlesque. To integrate as many meanings as I read into translated texts, I restructure order in words, select only one meaning in words with two, and add connecting interpretations into contexts. Obviously, these approaches sacrifice density and diversity in original texts, and turn Chinese version into a misreading. Daoana’s language is very English, but rarely difficult. No matter you can access to unique images and qualities in the original through my translations, I would highly recommend everyone to read those poems in English, so you fully experience duality in language, all levels of thoughts, and linguistic aesthetics.

During translation and discussion process, I would like to thank 佩杏, 丞翎, 琳森, and 家榮 for their corrections and proofreading. I would also thank SEA Literature in Taiwan forum by Crimson Hall Poetry Society and Ministry of Culture. I hope these translations will bring you one step closer to Daoana’s masterpieces.

Translated by Leonard CHIEN

譯者 TRANSLATORS

劉維人

臺灣師範大學生物系，東華大學創作與英語文學研究所畢業。現為自由譯者，在閱讀與創作、哲學與科學的邊緣擺盪。譯有《超級英雄是這樣鍊成的》、《世上最完美的東西（暫名）》、《論暴政（暫名）》等。

warren1_liu@hotmail.com

LIU Weijen is a freelancing translator. He is the translator of *The Caped Crusade, The Most Perfect Thing, On Tyranny, and Against Democracy*. He had graduated from creative writing program (M.F.A.) from National Dong Hwa University.

warren1_liu@hotmail.com

錢佳緯

自 2007 年擔任中英口筆譯員至今，作品少有冠名。

Leonard CHIEN, an English-Chinese translator and interpreter since 2007.

李欣潔（英文編輯）

臺灣大學人類學系畢業，藝術管理工作者。不定期為中、港、台藝文雜誌與媒體採訪撰稿，亦協力擔任台灣國際性影展翻譯及口譯、各類藝文活動策劃，譯有《給囊中羞涩收藏家的購買指南》。持續以人類學式的潛行，參與觀察當代影像及視覺藝術圈。

Emily Shin-Jie LEE (English Editor) graduated from the Department of Anthropology, National Taiwan University. She currently lives in Taipei where she works in Arts Management. She has served as a translator and interpreter for international film festivals in Taiwan as well as a coordinator for various art events. She continues to apply anthropological techniques as a participant observer in the contemporary image and visual arts scene.

赤道二三五・東南亞文學論壇 點讀東南亞文學讀本翻譯計畫 About Project

赤道二三五・東南亞文學論壇

從台灣這座島嶼所在的北緯 23.5 度出發，朝赤道的方向探索，透過文學作品翻譯、邀請東南亞作家來台交流，策劃主題式的推廣活動——「作家指南逐談」、「馬來西亞讀書會」、「移動說書人」、「文學論壇」，作為不同文化間交流的觸媒與場域，在台灣與其他東南亞國家之間建立起相互認識與溝通的橋樑。

Southeast Asian Literature in Taiwan is a literature project starting from 23.5 degrees North latitude where Taiwan is located, and navigates towards the equator. The project includes work translation and direct interaction with Southeast Asian writers in Taiwan through four thematic events: "TALKS", "READING GROUP", "WORKSHOP", and "FORUM". Using these events as catalysts and spaces for cultural interaction, we aspire to build mutual understanding and communication with other Southeast Asian countries.

點讀東南亞文學讀本翻譯計畫

為使「赤道二三五・東南亞文學論壇」的進行能在文本上具備討論的基礎，我們與受邀來台之東南亞作家合作，挑選出其代表作品，邀請譯者翻譯成中文，保留作家創作時所使用的原文，收錄相關文章，編輯、印刷成小冊，方便對東南亞文學感興趣的大眾閱讀、討論。

In order to proceed the "Southeast Asian Literature Forum in Taiwan" from the basis of text, we collaborate with the Southeast Asian writers by selecting and translating their representative works into Chinese. These translated works are made into small booklets with their original version included, allowing easier reading and discussion for those interested in Southeast Asian literature.

- 01 Carlomar Arcangel Daoana 卡羅馬·雅康吉·戴歐納 | 菲律賓
- 02 Prabda Yoon 帕達·雲 | 泰國
- 03 Bao Ninh 保寧 | 越南
- 04 Nay Phone Latt 尼朋樂 | 緬甸
- 05 Norazimah Abu Bakar 諾拉茲瑪阿布巴卡 | 馬來西亞
- 06 Ayu Utami 亞悠·塢塔米 | 印尼

赤道二三五・東南亞文學論壇

Southeast Asian Literature in Taiwan

作家指南逐談 TALKS

馬來西亞讀書會 READING GROUP

移動說書人 WORKSHOP

文學論壇 FORUM

2018/03/02 - 2018/03/06 台北・台南・台中

<https://sealiterature.com/>



主辦單位 文化部

承辦單位 社團法人臺北市紅樓詩社

seasia.literature2017@gmail.com

責任編輯 謝以萱

英文編輯 李欣潔

美術排版 何睿平

翻 譯 劉維人、錢佳緯

印 刷 晶華彩色印刷有限公司

2018 年 02 月印製 300 本

文學推廣使用，免費索取

文化部 版權所有

Copyright 2017 - 2018

© Ministry Of Culture,Taiwan

Organized by Ministry Of Culture,Taiwan

Executive by Crimson Hall Poetry Society

Executive Editor HSIEH I-Hsuan

English Editor Emily Shin-Jie LEE

Art Design HO Jui-Pin

Translators LIU Weijien, Leonard CHIEN

Printed in Taiwan

300 Copies, Feb 2018

我們這些活人，只能
嚴守每個時刻，溫文有禮地付度過去
但死者手中的時間卻無窮無盡。

主辦單位



承辦單位

